

"The Kingdom of God or Nothing."

{COMPOSED FOR THE WELSH 'EISTEDDVOD,' HELD
IN G. S. L. CITY, JAN. 18, 1858.}

TUNE—"The Rising of the Lark."

Rejoice, ye chosen Saints;
God hears all your complaints,
And glorious days are nigh at hand;
The nations, far and near,
Begin to quake with fear,
That God will by his people stand.

Then be ready,
Watching steady,
With your armor always on;
Warm in praying,
Cool in slaying,
Till the victory is won,—
Till Saints in God are one,
And sinners wasted from the land.

Long driven and oppress'd,
We've hardly found a rest,
Ere mobs rush to this far-off land;
Then, "Liberty or death"
We'll shout while we have breath;
Whatever comes, we'll nobly stand.

God's great "Lion"
Watches Zion;
Tyrant's blood shall stain each sword;
Rights we'll cherish,
Though we perish;
For, "*The Kingdom of our Lord*
Or nothing," is the word
That greets the foe on every hand.

JOHN S. DAVIS.

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